216 a

Verona

13th May.

We have just arrived. I found your letter
would you be so angelic as to take
2 single rooms for us at the
Albergo d'Inghilterra from the 16th
for one week. That seems best as
the whole- ~~If you~~ If one of the rooms
could have a bath, we are prepared to
pay 20 lire a day extra
If you can't get them, would you
~~have~~ get them somewhere else. I
have a note at the Inghilterra,
saying where. We will come
round to you some time late
in the afternoon. I'll keep my
news till then. In fact I'm so

Keeps wet driving over the Brenner –
To drink with a bottle of wine
I can't write.
I hope you've got your passports.
Please make at a list of
to be done when we get back.
It's been grilling hot coming
across Germany, till the last
day, when it rained, & it's
raining here at Verona.
Would be a great treat
to see you, but don't bother
about us, as we shall have
plenty to do.
No. I can't cheat any more, Italian.
But I can still read.

B

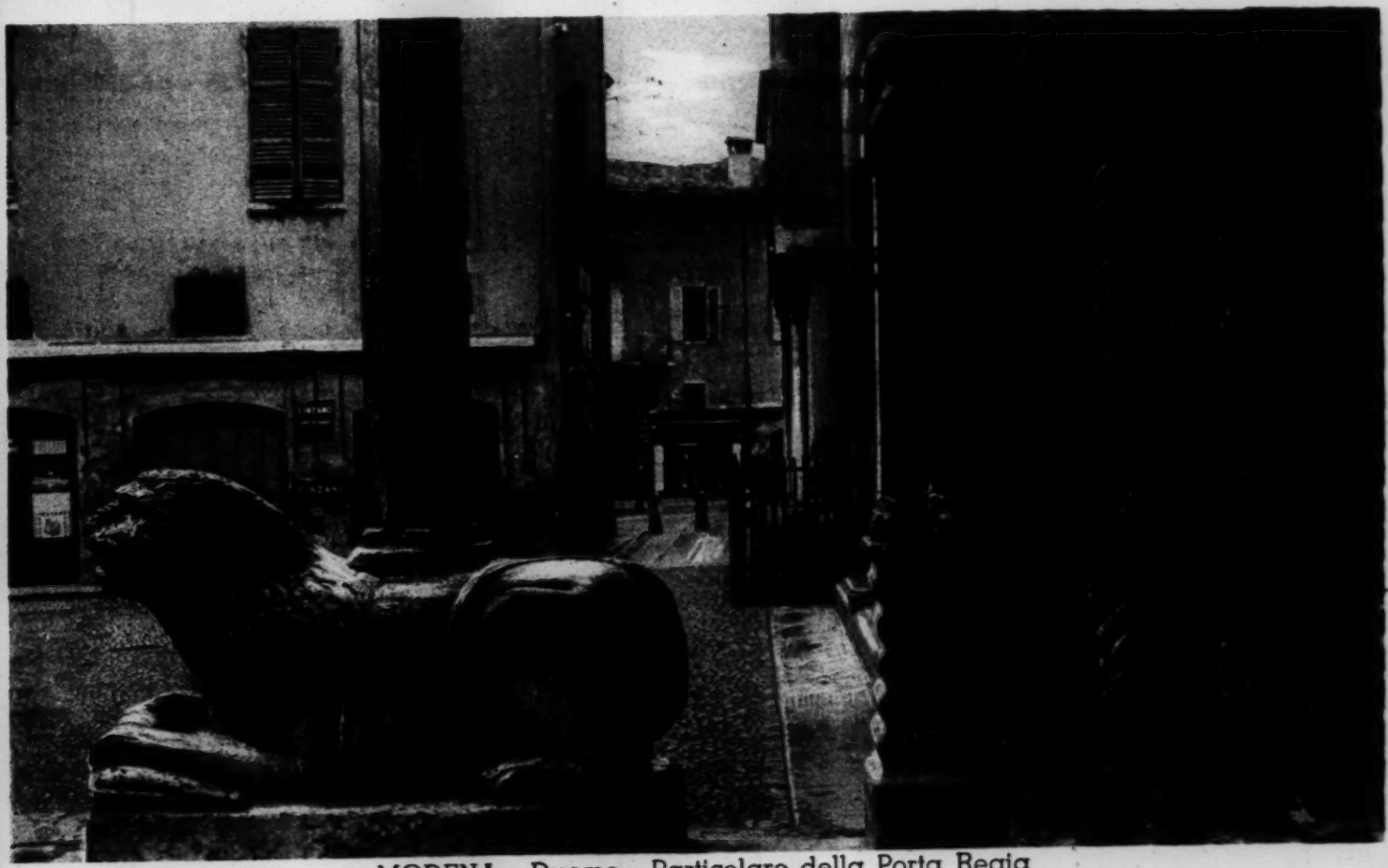
NYPL

P.S.

I forgot to say that after Ethel left we left in high feather because the had got back £600, owing to the pressure put on the Treasury by the rich friends. This however is not enough. In the night it struck he that she might as well ask to be given another £200 on the plea that she is going to produce the Ballet. Which is the Ewe lamb she are sick for. She was therefore stumping off to the Treasury when I left

they're so bored & bored they drop £50
everyone they see has to be rid of.
I didn't see Duncan, as he was staying
with Bunny, but I heard him on the
telephone – he sounded composed &
serene & all in his right mind.
And I didn't see the NYPL jubilee, as we were in
Dordrecht, but hope to be some more – unless
the King were killed, & the Queen dropped in
for at the altar – as may have happened.
Now I must stop, but please excuse this
random & rapid rate (the dekker couldn't have
read that) & which) write.
In the cold. B.

HANLEY 2/10/64



MODENA - Duomo - Particolare della Porta Regia

Modena-

—

We will call in
before dinner on
Thursday — hope you
will all dine
with us.

V.

Mr. Clive Bell
33 Via Margutta
Roma

Ed. Pini - Modena 1934 XII

217

NYPL
HAMILL 2/10/64

1937

Monks House,

21st June

Well, at last I got a letter from you - which I started to answer the very same day, but I was interrupted. No, of course I won't show the letters to anybody — they're safely stowed away in the studio; & I'll consider what you say about Helen's forcibly leaving them some time. Mrs. Webb hasn't yet sent any more; but I don't suppose I shall begin to read them till August, as I want try to finish this long weary dreary book, which won't be done till the middle of August I daresay. Then I know on a I start on Roger I shall get so absorbed I shant be able to write fiction. The very last thing in the world for rather an awful, & I daresay unnecessary undertaking — to do Roger to Bristol & open a show of Roger pictures next month. Ha rang me up, &

as he was very considerate & said I mustn't do it, but as course it would make the Exhibition known &c: I felt I must. Thanks means speaking for 15 minutes, & we shall go on to Weymouth for a treat. I'd rather it has been sprung entirely by the Frys — have you heard about it? Helen dined with me the other night, but said nothing about it. Then Ha rather alarmed me by saying that she has been collecting a great number of documents, & , as I thought, rather took it for granted that I was going to produce a large book — at least, the items to be putting it all in my hands instead of letting the Mauroms, which &c to write. However, I may be mistaken - I'm going to see her. You'll probably have heard from Julian that the Mallarmé has broken down for the moment, & the Cambridge press won't do it without a large subsidy. But Julian's off to Dublin, & I've not seen him again. London is swarming, as you can imagine. I don't think you deserve pomp, as you maintain this regal seclusion — but my heart is too good; & thank God, to be silent,

NYPL

HAMILL 6/1/66

how we are, mercifully alone (though we should be having Ethel, let alone James & Margery to stay)
There was the Apostles dinner ~~last~~ on Tuesday — made memorable by the astonishing apparition of Norton, in the highest spirits, just recovered, nobody knows how or why. But he seemed to have forgotten 20 years of insanity, went back to Jane's & stayed cracking jokes till 3 a.m. Old Sir Ted, however was the hero of the night, as he has been 70 years an Apostle. He will be Go in a few days. & Goldie Dickinson made a most eloquent elegy on him, after which he was led away. But he seemed practically intact. There was very little talk about Roger, & the dinner was not very gushing. Leonard said, as very few people came. Maynard had the flu, & instead therefore of dining with us at Lady Rhondda's, we had to take Lydia alone, & she seemed, I thought, shakily in the dumps about life & death & everything, & said she felt very sad. I expect this will please you. I think this drags on her. & she can't learn the

Master Builder for Ever. I was amused by the party, —
Lady Rhondda in white trousers, Miss Bergquist in
black, & some additis, among them a Mr. Hay, an
art teacher, & a Miss ~~Seymour~~ Stanhope, an aristocrat,
who found life in drawingrooms so intolerable that
she took to journalism, is now a stout Cahable,
bob tailed advertising manager. But I didnt listen
much: Leonard says if I had I should have been bored.
Then — oh dear me — there's Ralph Brewster who's been
living on Mount Athos — says the monks the hens the
dogs are all sodomites. RYPL he's H.B's grandson. &
has written a book; but sodomy is rather dull in the
lamps: we've ordered him to cut it down; then there's
Viola Tree, who arrived carrying two family
bibles wrapped in blue plush. which contain
all Mans notes on life: so a mixture of illustrations,
inscriptions, scraps from the Daily Mirror, fragments
from Lafcadio & Homer, tellin about buying dogs — a
complete chaos, but the rays, showing beyond a
doubt ~~is~~ what a beautiful nature & brilliant mind
he had "though a bit narrow till I married him"
She seems to edit this rubbish heap. Then
old Tom came to dinner, & was so easy &
charming, in his rather obscure way, that I

(Good Lord – can I take another sheet – when you never read what I write? – & the marmozet is just about to rest on my shoulder – we're buying another dog – probably do to Chichester Tomorrow to see one) well: I almost keined him; & he made me go into a long hyena shriek by describing how John Hayward, the paralysed man, gave a party to Read, your man, Ludo, & the two stout German girls. Wanting to engage them (in Paris Conference week) he went to Gamages & bought some sugar which let out small fish on being dropped into coffee; some fireworks, & some chocolates which he thought were filled with sawdust, but were in fact filled with soap. The German girls love chocolate & ate speedily. Suddenly they began to foam at the mouth with soap, & set on him & almost tore his collar off. After that the evening was such a failure that he forgot about the fireworks till they were going, when he exploded them on the doorstep. He is having a great success with his religious play at Canterbury – success is very good for people. I wish I were successful. But I gather, from seeing with Elvie, that you're all the rage now, & people say you're the best hunter of your time, which seems

to me a silly & rather provocative remark – there want to be a success merely – Still I think its time to produce a book on you all the same, & with you moved heavenly earthwards. It is the first fine day since I had mine we came back – literally this is true. Rain & wind, thunder & lightning: all fuss & waterproofs in the streets. And you are so hot you can't feel an onion. No, you misunderstand me about maternity. (Annie Thompsett had a son last night) I adore all mothers & babies, but detest the child being covered with maternal spit (like the foam one sees on hedges) after the age of 10. That's what pleases the public, & makes parents detest their nephews. But up till NYPL 10 – there I am with you. On the way, Janie can talk of nothing but Queenies: says they're all in love with her: he's so wise, so learned, so modest, reads books at a stretch & understands them; has tact, charm, sympathy – in fact the rays, all Roquebrune says. Where Queenie? We must consult Queenie, whether it's a question of love, or politics, or art, or cookery: alas, I had to open: I admire Queenie greatly myself. Now I can't take another page – Next week we're dining with the Cecils & with Rebecca West: Leonard then dines with Raymond & I go to my penance to the Buchans: but not a word will I tell you, not a word – when you write to me. I'm not going to hope to see you before October. I don't say 'wish' – I say 'hope'. Life has taught me these lessons – B

HARRIET 6/1/66

~~Z~~ 218

1933

52 Tavistock Sq.

Sunday 23rd June.

I've just got back from Rodmell & found the packet of Rogers letters. But Mrs Jebb sent them through the post & they were so badly done up that the parcel was practically open - I'm afraid some packets may have dropped out. Have you a list so that you can check them? Here are the ones that have come: — in order of date.

1	packet	1922	1 — 1931
1	"	1924	1 — 1932
1	"	1925	1 — 1933
1	"	1926	1 — 1934
1	"	1927	
1	"	1928	
1	"	1929	
1	"	1930	
1	"	1931	

The only thing —

What makes me doubtful is the gap between 1922 & 1924.

Let me know as soon as you can, & I'll go to the Post office if there's any missing.

Cyclone the man a perfect idiot not to tie it up properly.

Roasting hot for a wonder.

Do write

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

We have just got a new dog - black & white - & she's passionately in love with L.

52 Tavistock Sq. July 3rd 219a

1923

I am slightly puzzled by your letter, as you say that the 1922 packet got separated: but that is among the debt lot - the 1923 that is missing. Then you put at the end "did the letter I gave you include 1 packet for 1923? & perhaps one for 1922?" But this is the 1923 that is missing: all the others are there. do I take it you have got the 1923. I had to tell the Debts, as the Post office wanted details - that was before your letter came. Debt rang me up in a great state. - said that what had happened was that the Customs had opened the parcel to see that there was nothing dutiable - the key would make them suspicious. They are always doing this

to the foreign office bag much to their surp. But why the F.O. wouldn't have done up the parcel before sending it on. God knows. Obviously it had been opened on purpose: the string was just loose, & one end opened. It was a miracle that nothing was lost - I've told the Pelhs that I think you didn't include the missing bracket: let me know.

I'm just back from staying with the Buchans, or Tweedsmuirs as they are now called. At first I thought it was going to be a complete frost - Lucie awaited me in a typical shabby but large country house, alone, with a dog. She has grown very amiable, & carries a faint flavour of Lushington. But by degrees we got warmer; & there was a dinner party, — the Camerons, Isaiah Berlin, an Oxford undergraduate, a son, a daughter, & the daughter of Nancy - of course remember Nancy. Happily John was in London

NYPL

being given a dinner, or seeing the King, & it wasn't so bad. Then rather out at elbows, & have holes in the carpet, only one family W.C. I twitted Jarvis about his grandeur & had the usual undergraduate Oxford talk, & argued with Isaiah, who is a very clever, much too clever, like Maynard in his youth, Don: a violent Jew - so the shades fell. & I had forgotten my Loofah, & felt suddenly old; talking about the Lyulph Stanleys & the Hugos with Jarvis, & then about films & modern poetry with the boy, who is a Semite, & rather shaggy. And all today we spent driving about the Cotswolds, which were about as beautiful, as my eyes are sorry? — as the Campagna? Really the country was extraordinary, & all the villages made of yellow stone, & not a new house anywhere. We went 40 miles to see a necromancer - that is a retired East Indian planter who lives in a mediaval farm which he has

filled with old clothes, bicycles, mummies, alligators,
Italian altars – not. I thought very interesting
& I think rather a fraud, as he pretended to
have no watch, & so I took my train, & only
got back at £.30. to find Leonard dining
with Raymond & no letter from you.
But the drive was very lovely. You see I'm
trying to tempt you back – England is
now & then the most beautiful & all countries.
why. I wonder? Walmont brought tears to my
eyes, sitting beside Jane who went boring on
about our youth; & asked a great deal after you,
& wants you to do a jacket for her book – one
on ~~the~~ some historical characters that we're
publishing. So will you? I'm so
thirsty I can hardly write. I'm getting
very queer & crusty without you. Do come
back in August: however I'll save your paint
about family life. I had such a dose of
wolves at Rodmell the other day –
ah family groups: it feels like wet drooky duck

NYPL

padding about my head - That reminds me —
Judith Bafenal suddenly attacked the Mis-
Evening, & said Mrs Curtis & another fiel
were in the basement, come to fetch Angelica's
press - she had to have them up to
unpack it. And I thought she would
never go: the fleas: I don't think I could
stand her for long: the trails to, & suttees to:
& nothing would make her go. She was laden
with bits of stuff for her play, to which she
invited us. And she raved about A: &
said she must be a great actress: but so she
goes on about everything. However, in default of
A:, Judith had a certain hard Creole
Charm I thought. Youth is certainly a
great attribute:
Julian came in
2 nights ago, & was also very charming
& full of sense & character. I for the
impression he had not much enjoyed Dublin:
Moya, I gather, is a little too Irish, &
Dear the Catholic of Dublin too much for him.

2119c

But he had been drawn about with Jane, & I wish to God she didn't look so like an old French postmistress with a beastly chin. Whenever I work she moved many him. Not that he thanks yet I imagine. Clive is down here to meet Odette Keun, on next week; & I'm full in love with a charming Morchera Ortiz, Sybil Scott's daughter- who has an Italian farm near Siena. I think you'd like her. & they asked us to stay. But then Leo Meyer is in love with her, & he looks like a Duke ya cont, so we'll just up, so what chance has I? We dined with the Cecils who are a pitying pair of love birds, but no young, & met her & him there. And Mary's back from Vienna, where Barbara been having an operation, & Vita is in a fret taking because Gwen has to have a very serious operation — that, ah my woe. Yes, do buy me any ✕ brooch, necklace, pin, or ring; I lost 2 brooches, coming back- up to £5 I wish you — any staples. And please love me- I'm such a darling. & Sibyl may weld without you B

HAMILL 2/10/68